

Saturday



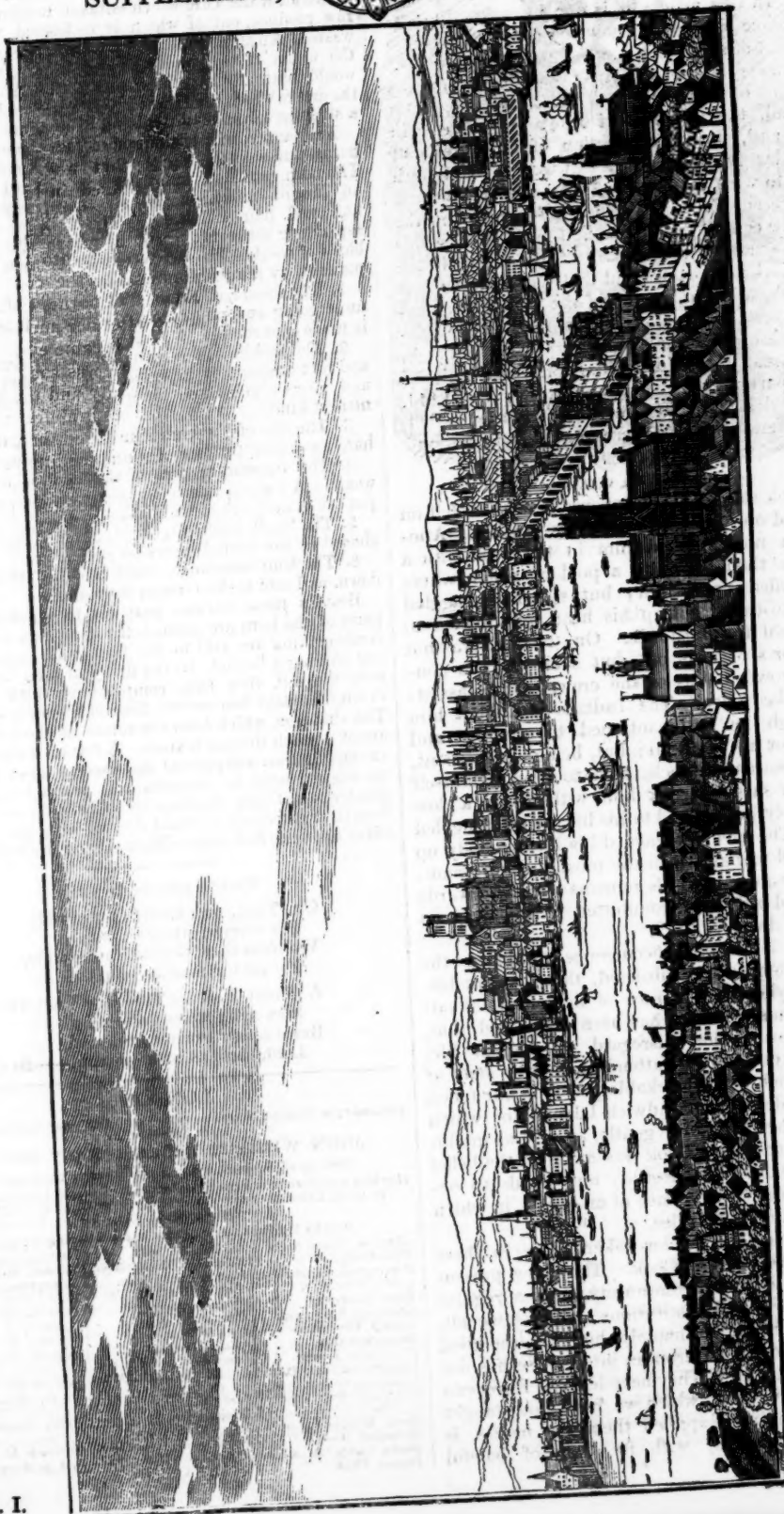
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GENERAL VIEW OF LONDON BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.

LONDON BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE,

WE have here presented to the reader a copy of Hollar's celebrated view of the vast metropolis of England, such as it existed nearly two centuries ago, before the Great Fire of 1666 had reduced its streets to heaps of mouldering ashes, and involved in one common ruin its churches, its palaces, and its cottages. In this article it is our intention to perform the office of a guide, pointing out, and giving a brief account of some of the most interesting objects.

Conspicuous above all other buildings, on the opposite bank of the river, stands the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, the largest and most magnificent in England; and, until the erection of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest in the Christian world. In length from east to west it measured 690 feet (190 more than the present St. Paul's), in breadth 130, and the height of the central tower was 260 feet. Above this tower once soared a magnificent spire, tapering in the most beautiful proportion, and 274 feet high, so that the entire elevation to the top of the weathercock exceeded 520 feet, being fifty feet more than the celebrated steeple of Strasburgh, and surpassing in height even the Great Pyramid. This spire was finished A.D. 1222, partially burned by lightning A.D. 1444, and entirely destroyed by fire in 1561; after which, although several attempts were made, it was found impracticable to raise the sums necessary to rebuild it.

The first Christian church erected upon this spot was built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, A.D. 619; the edifice represented in the plate was the work of various periods, and exhibited in its details various styles of architecture, from the semicircular Norman arch of the twelfth century to the Corinthian colonnade of the seventeenth. The western division, or nave, of the church was commenced about the year 1100, but the eastern part was not finished before 1283; the repairs which decay or accident rendered necessary were executed in the taste of the period which required them, the last being the work of Inigo Jones.

Amongst the cluster of churches to the west, or left hand, of St. Paul's may be distinguished, by four little pinnacles at the corners, the square steeple of St. Bride's, Fleet-street, and immediately under it, close on the banks of the Thames, is seen Baynard Castle, once the property of Robert Fitzwalter, Castellan and banner-bearer of London, and leader of those barons who wrung the Great Charter of English liberties from King John; afterwards the residence of several princes of the House of York: in it Edward IV. received the news of his being elected king by the people assembled in St. John's field; and from it Richard III. set forth to take possession of his usurped crown. Following the banks of the river westward, the Temple, Arundel-house, the Savoy, and Durham-house, may successively be distinguished, until the view closes with Whitehall and the Royal Palace. In the opposite direction, that is, on the right hand side of St. Paul's, the eye passes over the whole length of the city with its dense crowd of steeples (amongst which the lofty spires of St. Laurence Poultny, and St. Dunstan's in the East, are the most conspicuous), until it rests on the Tower of London. On the hills in the back-ground are seen the villages of Harrow, Hampstead, and Highgate.

Perhaps the most curious, if not the most interesting, feature in the print, is the ancient London-bridge, with its twenty narrow arches, covered, as until the middle of the last century it still continued to be, with an almost continuous street of houses overhanging on each side the parapet walls, and affording to passengers and traffic only a vaulted thoroughfare,

contracted in many parts to little more than twelve feet broad. Some of the richest citizens had not merely their shops or stands, but their dwelling houses also, on this bridge, which, to use the words of Norden, who published a view of it about the year 1624, was "adorned with sumptuous buildings and stately and beautiful houses on either side, inhabited by wealthy citizens, and furnished with all manner of trades, comparable in itself to a little city, whose buildings are so artificially contrived, and so firmly combined as it seemeth more than an ordinary street; for it is as one continual vault or roof, except certain void spaces reserved from buildings for the retire of passengers from the danger of carts, cars, and droves of cattle usually passing that way." In one of the houses on London-bridge lived in 1536 Sir William Hewitt, a cloth-worker, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London; from a window overlooking the river, his infant and only daughter fell into the raging tide, from which she was saved by the courage and presence of mind of Edward Osborne, then her father's apprentice, who plunged after her and bore her in his arms to land. The infant became eventually heiress of all her father's estate, and was sought in marriage both by the wealthy of the city and the nobles of the court; but the reply of the grateful parent to all applications was, "Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall have her." They were accordingly, in due time, married; the brave and fortunate apprentice lived to be himself Lord Mayor of London, and was the ancestor of a family which in a few generations attained to the highest dignity in the British peerage, his great grandson being created Duke of Leeds.

Hans Holbein, the painter, and John Bunyan, the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, both resided for some time in houses on London-bridge.

At the hither or southern end of the bridge is seen an embattled gateway, with its towers and portcullis, which formed the barrier between London and Southwark, and acquired the appellation of "Traytor's Gate," from its being the place where, according to the barbarous custom of former times, the heads of persons executed for high-treason, were exposed to public view. Next beyond this is another turretted building, elaborately constructed of timber; in the fifth arch from the Surrey side, as seen in the print, but really in the seventh, was a drawbridge for the convenience of the larger vessels passing upwards towards Queenhithe; and, on the pier at the northern end of the drawbridge stood, "Nonsuch-House," the most curious and stately of all the buildings with which the bridge was adorned. It is said to have been originally constructed in Holland, entirely of timber, brought over to England in pieces, about 1580, and put together again on London-bridge, with wooden pegs, not a single nail or other metal fastening being used throughout the whole fabric; in shape it was a long square, having its shorter sides looking over the river, with square towers, surmounted by low domes or kremlin spires at the corners; each front was ornamented with a profusion of transom casement windows, with carved wooden galleries before them, while richly-sculptured wooden panels and gilded columns were to be found in every part of it.

In the foreground of the print are several interesting objects, of which the magnificent church of St. Mary Overy (now usually called St. Saviour's), the burial-place of the poet Gower, has alone survived the devastations of time. To the left of the church stands the town palace of the Bishop of Winchester; further to the left, three oval buildings are rendered remarkable by each having a flag-staff, with a flag flying, on the roof; the furthest from the church is the Swan

Theatre; the next, the "Bear Garden," a place, as its name imports, dedicated to the barbarous exhibition of bear-baiting; a sport, however, which, although now banished by the progress of humanity and refinement from the amusements of even the lowest classes of society, was little more than two centuries ago considered worthy the presence and patronage of Majesty itself. The last of these buildings, is the "Globe Theatre," the place where enraptured audiences fostered the infant muse of SHAKESPEARE, and within whose walls were first produced those stupendous monuments of imagination and poetic genius which succeeding ages have united to admire, but despaired to rival, or even imitate.

ORIGIN OF SOME OF THE HOSPITALS OF LONDON.

IN the beginning of the year 1553, Dr. Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of London, preached before King Edward, whose health was then rapidly declining, at Westminster. The subject he selected for his discourse was Charity, in which he urged the King, in eloquent and moving language, to take care that a more effectual provision should be made for the poor. This discourse produced so great an impression on the mind of the young king, that he sent for the bishop; and after commanding him to sit down, thanked him much for his seasonable exhortation; and desired him to state, what, in his opinion, would be the most expedient plan to bring about so great and excellent a design. The good Bishop was much pleased to find the King thus graciously disposed, and, with tears of joy, told him that the London poor, on account of their numbers, required his more immediate concern; he would, therefore, advise him to have letters written to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to take this affair into consideration, and to project a scheme for the relief of the poor.

The King, approving of this advice, allowed Bishop Ridley to be furnished with such letters and instructions, which he accordingly conveyed to Sir R. Dobbs, then Lord Mayor. A meeting of the Aldermen and Common Council was then held; the Bishop having been introduced for the purpose of guiding and assisting them in their deliberations. It was resolved that a general contribution should be set on foot among the more wealthy citizens. The motion was readily received by the inhabitants of London; men subscribed according to their ability, and books were kept in every Ward of the City, in which the sums contributed were set down. These books were afterwards delivered, through the Lord Mayor, into the hands of the King's commissioners. In this scheme for the relief of the poor, they were ranged under three divisions: in the first were placed poor distressed orphans; in the second, the sick and the lame; in the third, the lazy and sturdy vagabonds.

For the orphans, *Christ's Hospital* was provided, where the children were properly fed and lodged, instructed in a religious and virtuous manner, and qualified for some honest business. The *Hospitals of St. Thomas*, in Southwark, and *St. Bartholomew*, in Smithfield, were appointed for the diseased and lame: and the King gave his palace of *Bridewell*, erected by Henry VIII., for licentious beggars and vagabonds, who were there to receive due correction and be kept to hard labour. For the better endowment of these hospitals, the young monarch dissolved the hospital which Henry VII. had founded in the Savoy for the benefit of pilgrims and travellers, but which had become worse than useless, being a harbour for thieves; and he assigned this to the City of London for the maintenance of the new foundations. M.

COFFEE AND COFFEE-HOUSES.

Two centuries ago, our ancestors could little imagine that their descendants would be reduced to the necessity of sending to the East and West Indies for the materials of a comfortable breakfast. It is observed by Wood (*Ath. Oxon.* II. 1140) that while Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan baron, continued in Baliol College, in Oxford, which he left in 1648, he made the drink for his own use, called *coffee*, and usually drank it every morning, being the first coffee, as the ancients of that house informed him, that was ever drunk in Oxon. In the year 1650 we learn, from the same author, (*Life*, 8vo. v. Index,) "Jacob, a jew, opened a coffee-house at the Angel, in the parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxon, and there it was by some, who delighted in novelties, drank. In 1654, Cinques Jobson, a jew and jacobite, borne near Mount Libanus, sold *coffey* in Oxon; and, in 1655, Arth. Tillyard, apothecary, sold *coffey* publicly in his house against All Souls' Coll. This *Coffee House* continued till his Majesty's return and after, and then they became more frequent, and had an excise set upon *coffey*."

The author of the *New View of London* (1708, p. 80) found it recorded "that one James Farr, a barber, who kept the coffee-house which is now the Rainbow, by the Inner Temple Gate, (one of the first in England,) was, in the year 1657, presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's in the West, for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood. And who could then have thought London would ever have had near 3000 such nuisances, and that coffee would have been (as now, 1708) so much drunk by the best of quality and physicians."

In the *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, a weekly paper, published by authority, in 1662, are inserted four advertisements, the last of which is as follows:

"At the coffee-house in Exchange Alley is sold, by retail, the right coffee-powder, from 4s. to 6s. 8d. per pound, as in goodness; that pounded in a mortar at 2s. per pound; also that termed the East India berry at 18d. per pound; and that termed the right Turkie berry well garbled at 3s. per pound; the ungarbled for lesse, with directions gratis how to make and use the same. Likewise, there you may have chocolate, the ordinary pound boxes at 2s. 6d. per pound, the perfumed from 4s. to 10s. per pound; also sherbets made in Turkie of lemons, roses, and violets perfumed; and tea, or *chaa*, according to its goodness. For all which, if any gentlemen shall write or send, they shall be sure of the best, as they shall order, and to avoid deceit, warranted under the house seal, viz. Morat the Great, &c. Further, all gentlemen, that are customers and acquaintance are (the next New Year's Day) invited at the signe of the Great Turk, at the new coffee-house in Exchange Alley, where coffee will be on free cost."

In the year 1665 appeared in 4to. a poem, with the title of "The Character of a Coffee House: wherein is contained a description of the persons usually frequenting it, with their discourse and humors; as also the admirable virtues of coffee. By an Eye and Ear Witness." It begins:—

A coffee-house, the learned hold,
It is a place where coffee's sold;
This derivation cannot fail us,
For where ale's vended that's an alehouse.

That these houses soon became places of general resort is evident:—

Of some and all conditions,
Even vintners, surgeons, and physicians,
The blind, the deaf, and aged cripple,
Do here resort, and coffee tipple.



View of Ross.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

A BENEVOLENT mind cannot find a more agreeable object of contemplation, than the character of a man whose life is spent in acts of public and private good, done without any view to worldly advantage or to fame. Foreigners who visit our country to study the character of its inhabitants, are struck with nothing so much as with the vast quantity of money, labour, and time, which are voluntarily bestowed on works of public charity and utility, by persons who reap no other advantage from thus contributing to the good of others than the consciousness of discharging a high Christian, or moral, or social duty. It may be a question, whether the frequency of such examples has not led to their being overlooked amongst ourselves, and to their real merit not being duly estimated. Be that as it may, we feel no hesitation in asserting that there have been, and are in every county, and in almost every parish of this our noble country, persons freely devoting the leisure, the substance, and the talents with which their Creator has blessed them, to the good of others who can make no return for the advantages so imparted to them. Our pages will be readily open to record particular instances of such merit, not only because we shall always rejoice to make the light of good works shine before men, but because there is no argument by which mankind can be stimulated to be useful in their generation so powerful as the exhibition of what has actually been done, without extraordinary means or advantages, by the right use of what each may chance to possess.

The "MAN OF ROSS" has been immortalized by our great poet, Pope; but the lines which record his praise do not communicate enough. They are a sort of riddle, enumerating works great and expensive, which they conclude by informing us were all executed with an income of five hundred pounds a-year.

A reader who should seek to understand the merits of the Man of Ross by Pope's praise, would be apt, when he arrived at the end, to "give it up." We shall, therefore, here present a solution of the puzzle, illustrating our little narrative, with a view of Ross, which includes most of the spots alluded to by the poet, and with a drawing of Kyrle's house opposite the market-place. If more ample information be desired, it may be found in Mr. Fosbrooke's elegant and entertaining

volume, the "*Ariconensia*," from which much of what follows has been taken: or, if in search of some of the most exquisite of nature's scenery, the reader should pass through the beautifully situated town which Kyrle inhabited, he may yet hear from "each lisping babe," and from the tongue of faltering age, the praises of him whose name they love, and whose memory they cherish and revere.

JOHN KYRLE was descended from a highly respectable family, and was born in the parish of Dymock, in Gloucestershire, on his father's estate. His grandfather married a sister of Waller, the poet, whose mother was sister of John Hampden. He was a gentleman commoner of Baliol College, Oxford, to which he presented a handsome silver tankard on his admission. His father had purchased a house and a few pieces of land at Ross, and here Mr. Kyrle chose to reside, adding to his property by repeated purchases, made after his fallages in Dymock Wood.

The title of "THE MAN OF ROSS" was given to him by a country friend, in his lifetime; and Mr. Kyrle was highly pleased with the appellation, because it "conveyed a notion of plain honest dealing and unaffected hospitality." The principal addition to his landed property was an estate, called the Cleve, consisting of fields that extend along the left bank of the river, but raised considerably above its level. Along the skirts of these fields, Mr. Kyrle made a public walk, which still bears his name; he planted it with elms, and continued the plantation down the steep sides of the bank, which overhang the graceful, ever-winding Wye. It is to this plantation that Pope alludes in the lines,—

Who hung with woods the mountain's sultry brow?

but the poet either indulged in a bold license when he gave the title of "mountain" to the Clevefield bank, or conceived that the well-wooded hill of Penyard, which forms a remarkable back-ground to the landscape, was part of Mr. Kyrle's property, which it never was.

Mr. Kyrle's income has been pretty accurately stated at 500*l.* a-year. His favourite occupations were building and planting, in which his skill and taste were as freely exerted for the benefit of his friends as on his own improvements; he frequently planned and superintended architectural works, for persons who gladly availed themselves of his skill and taste.

While improving his own property, he added to the beauties of his favourite spot, and freely imparted to his townsmen the advantages which he had provided for the enjoyment of the lovely scenery around him.

The churchyard was planted with elms by Kyrle, and a gate was erected by him leading to a field, called "The Prospect," from its commanding a noble view of the rich scenery of the Wye. In times when the art of conveying water by pipes, for the accommodation of all the dwellers in a town, was yet in its infancy, a great benefit was conferred on the inhabitants of Ross, by the skill and enterprise of Mr. Kyrle, who made, in this field, an oval basin of considerable extent, lined it with brick, and paved it with stone, and caused the water to be forced into it by an engine from the river, and conveyed by underground pipes to the public cocks in the streets.—When a more effectual mode of supply was introduced, the use of the fountain was abandoned, and the basin was filled up.

This public work is recorded by the poet, in the lines,—

From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies, in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.

The next work noticed by Pope is a causeway, which was constructed through the exertions of Mr. Kyrle, and paid for by a subscription, to which he largely contributed. It crossed the low ground between the town and the bridge, on the high road to Hereford and Monmouth. This causeway has been since extended, and rendered permanent by the Commissioners of Turnpikes, who have converted it into a spacious driving way, better adapted to the more frequent and rapid journeyings of modern times.

The walk in the Clevefields above alluded to, was not only beautified with elms, his favourite tree, but seats were placed at intervals, where the "weary traveller" might "repose," or the lover of fine scenery contemplate at his ease, the beauties before him. To his work of planting or ornamenting, the "MAN OF ROSS" was wont to go forth, with his spade on his shoulder, and a wooden bottle of liquor in his hand, assisted by two or three, or sometimes more workmen, according to the task to be performed. The bottle served his fellow-labourers as well as himself. On one occasion, his companion so thoroughly enjoyed the draught, that he did not part with the bottle from his head till the last drop was drained. In vain did the Man of Ross call aloud to him to stop his draught; the workman's thirst was too intense to listen. When he had done, Mr. Kyrle said, "John, why did not

you stop when I called to you?" Why, sir,' said the man, "don't you know that people can never hear when they are drinking?" The next time Mr. Kyrle applied the bottle to his head, the man placed himself opposite to him, and opened his mouth as if bawling aloud, till Kyrle had finished. The draught ended, Kyrle asked, "Well, John, what did you say?" "Ah, you see, sir," said the man, "I was right; nobody can hear when he is drinking."

The passage which relates to the church of Ross is calculated to convey an erroneous notion of what was actually done by Mr. Kyrle. The line

Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise;
coupled with another,—

Who builds a church to God, and not to fame;
has led many to suppose, that the church of Ross was built by Kyrle. The facts are as follows:—

The elegant spire which ornaments the landscape from whatever point it be viewed, was at one time in a dangerous state, which Mr. Kyrle's knowledge of architecture led him to discover. A parish meeting was convened at his special motion, and about forty-seven feet of the spire taken down and rebuilt, himself daily inspecting the work, and contributing, over and above the assessment, towards its speedy conclusion. The great bell was given by Kyrle, who attended when it was cast at Gloucester, and threw into the melting pot his own large silver tankard, having first drunk his favourite toast of "Church and King."

Behold the market-house, with poor o'erspread;
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.

The distribution of the "weekly bread" at the market-house is a circumstance of peculiar interest in the life of Kyrle. The donation of bread was furnished by a grant, renewed by successive lords of the manor, of certain tolls on all corn brought to market. The "Man of Ross" acted as the lord's almoner. Tradition reports, in homely language, that "it would have done one's heart good to see how cheerful the old gentleman looked, while engaged in the distribution." At length the toll, thus voluntarily transferred to the poor at the will of each succeeding lord, was claimed by the townsmen as their's of right. The question was referred to the Man of Ross by consent of both parties; and he, preferring truth and justice before popularity and self-gratification, determined, as the evidence compelled him to do, that the toll belonged to the lord. So are pride and covetousness found in communities as well as individuals. Unwilling to acknowledge an obligation, lest they should be compelled to own a superiority in the giver, they endanger or lose the benefits which benevolence and liberality would bountifully bestow.

The remaining lines refer to various private acts of charity, for which a man of Kyrle's noble disposition would find frequent opportunities in whatever part of the world he might be placed. The town of Ross could tell of many who, before and since his time, and at this day, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, instruct the ignorant, and teach the infant's tongue to praise the name of the Creator and Redeemer; and so we hope can every town and every village in our native land;—but such Christian love seeks not its own praise.

There is, however, one anecdote of Mr. Kyrle, which we are unwilling to omit, as it exhibits that noble confidence, which none but an honest man can feel or express towards his fellow-man. About a year after the death of the Man of Ross, a tradesman of the town came to his executor, and said privately to him, "Sir, I am come to pay you some money that I owed to the late Mr. Kyrle." The executor declared he could find no entry of it in the accounts.



John Kyrle's House.

"Why, sir," said the tradesman, "that I am aware of. Mr. Kyrle said to me, when he lent me the money, that he did not think I should be able to repay it in his lifetime, and that it was likely you might want it before I could make it up; and so, said he, I won't have any memorandum of it, besides what I write and give you with it; and do you pay my kinsman when you can; and when you show him this paper, he will see that the money is right, and that he is not to take interest." Here the story stops. No doubt our readers would wish to know, that the executor declined to receive what the tradesman might have witholden, without fear of human discovery. Let us hope that he did so.

The Man of Ross died a bachelor. At the time of his decease, he owed nothing, and there was no money in his house. He was borne to the grave by his workmen and usual attendants, and amidst the whole population of Ross.

The spot of his interment was, by his express desire, at the feet of his dear friend, Dr. Charles Whiting, a former vicar, a man of genuine piety and christian benevolence, who died in 1711, and whose epitaph modestly records him as "the affectionate but unworthy pastor of this church." It is supposed that this excellent and amiable man was greatly instrumental in forming the character of the Man of Ross. To Dr. Whiting, the town is indebted for the establishment of an excellent Blue-Coat School, in 1709. Mr. Kyrle was not only an annual subscriber to that institution, but when boys were to be apprenticed, he was generally concerned, and often put them out at his own expense. He left 40*l.* to the school. Several of his old workmen were legatees in his will.

The personal appearance of Mr. Kyrle was agreeable; his dress, a plain suit of brown dittos, with a King William's wig, according to the fashion of the day. Though he disliked large parties, his house was open to the reception of his friends, in the genuine spirit of old-fashioned English hospitality. "He loved a long evening; enjoyed a merry tale, and always appeared discomposed when 't was time to part." His dishes were generally plain; malt liquor and cider were the only beverages introduced; there was no roast beef except on Christmas-day. At his kitchen fire-place was a large block of wood, for poor people to sit on; and a piece of boiled beef and three pecks of flour, in bread, were given to the poor every Sunday. The Man of Ross was a daily attendant at the service of the Parish Church. When the chiming of the bells began, all business ceased with him; he washed his hands and proceeded to his pew. When the church was newly pewed, about twenty years after his death, the rector and parishioners resolved that Mr. Kyrle's seat should remain, as it does at this day, in its original condition and style. A handsome tablet, with a bust of the Man of Ross, has long since removed the stigma imputed in the concluding lines of Pope's eulogy of Kyrle.

The Man of Ross, then, it has been seen, was a private gentleman of small fortune, with a talent for architecture, and a taste for what is now termed the picturesque, which he employed in the improvement and adorning of his town and neighbourhood. Simple in his manners, he lavished no money on gaudy show or equipage. Faithful to his God, and upright in his dealings with man; intelligent, active, and ingenious; he was confided in as a friend, as an umpire, as a receiver and disposer of the subscriptions of others, whether to be employed in works for the public good, or in relieving the wants of indigence and age.

In walking through a street in London, I saw a crowd of men, women, and children; they were hooting and laughing at a woman, who, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, passed through the midst of them in perfect silence. Upon approaching her, I saw that all this derision was caused by her dress, which, equally unsuited to the weather and to her apparent rank in life, was from head to foot entirely white. Her bonnet, her shawl, her very shoes, were white; and though all that she wore seemed of the coarsest materials, it was perfectly clean. As I walked past her, I looked steadfastly in her face. She was very thin and pale of a pleasing countenance, and totally unmoved by the clamour around her. I have since learned her story. The young man to whom she was betrothed died on the bridal-day, when she and her companions were dressed to go to Church. She lost her senses; and has ever since, to use her own words, been "expecting her bridegroom." Neither insult nor privation of any kind can induce her to change her dress; she is alike insensible of her bereavement by death, and of the lapse of time. "She is dressed for the bridal, and the bridegroom is at hand."—THOUGHTS ON LAUGHTER, by a Chancery Barrister.

NATIONAL AFFLICTIONS AND BLESSINGS.

In the latter part of the reign of James the First, a number of *Psalms and Hymns* were published, all written with the true spirit of piety, and many recommending themselves as beautiful specimens of congregational devotion. The following, with its introduction, will hardly be regarded as out of season at the present hour. In many parts of the kingdom its sentiments will be felt; and the praises offered centuries ago, will again be poured forth from many a grateful heart.

FOR DELIVERANCE FROM A PUBLIC SICKNESS.

"The pestilence and other public sicknesses are those arrows of the Almighty, wherewith he punisheth public transgressions. This hymn, therefore, is to praise him when he shall unslack the bow which was bent against us; and the longer he withholds his hand, the more constantly ought we to continue our public thanksgivings; for when we forget to persevere in praising God for his mercies past, we usually revive those sins that will renew his judgments."

When thou would'st, Lord, afflict a land,

Or scourge thy people that offend,

Prompt to fulfil thy dread command,

Thy creatures on Thee all attend,

And Thou to execute thy word,

Hast famine, sickness, fire, and sword.

And here among us, for our sin,

A sore disease hath lately reigned,

Whose fury so unstayed hath been,

It could by nothing be restrained;

But overthrew both weak and strong,

And took away both old and young.

To thee our cries we humbly sent,

Thy wonted pity, Lord, to prove;

Our wicked ways we did repent,

Thy visitation to remove:

And Thou, thine angel didst command

To stay his wrath-inflicting hand.

For which thy love, in thankful wise,

Both hearts and hands to thee we raise,

And in the stead of former cries,

Do sing thee now a song of praise;

By whom the mercy yet we have

To escape the never-filled grave.

After enumerating the many favours enjoyed by the blessing of Providence in these islands, the sacred poet to whom we have already been indebted, thus beautifully conveys the sentiments of a pious and grateful heart.

For these, and for our grass, our corn,

For all that springs from blade or bough,

For all those blessings that adorn,

Or wood, or field, this kingdom through.

For all of these thy praise we sing,

And humbly, Lord, intreat thee, too,

That fruit to Thee, we forth may bring

As unto us, thy creatures do.

So, in the sweet refreshing shade

Of thy protection, sitting down,

Those gracious favours we have had,

We will relate to thy renown:

Yea, other men, when we are gone,
Shall, for thy mercies, honour thee,
And far make known what thou hast done
To such as after them shall be.

A SACRED SONG, in which our ancestors used to express their thankfulness for a seasonable change, after their alarm had been excited by continuance of bad weather.

LORD! should the sun, the clouds, the rain,
The air and seasons, be
To us so froward and unkind,
As we are false to thee;
All fruits would quite away be burned,
Or lie in water drown'd,
Or blasted be, or overwhelmed,
Or chilled on the ground.

But, from our duty though we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show,
And deign thy creatures to preserve,
That men might thankful grow:
Yea, though from day to day we sin,
And thy displeasure gain,
To cry no sooner we begin,
Than pity we obtain.

The weather now thou changed hast,
That put us late to fear,
And, when our hopes were almost past,
Then comfort did appear:
The Heaven the Earth's complaint hath heard,
They reconciled be,
And thou such weather hast prepared,
As we desired of Thee.

For which, with lifted hands and eyes,
To Thee we do repay,
The due and willing sacrifice
Of giving thanks to day;
Because such offerings we should not
To render Thee be slow,
Nor let that mercy be forgot
Which Thou art pleased to show.

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

DURING our late war with France, the want of a secure and extensive anchorage in the entrance to the Channel was much felt; the Sound at Plymouth, comprising the bays named Cawsand Bay, the Catwater, and Hamoaze, offered a suitable asylum to a great fleet returning from a cruise, and being one of the grand naval arsenals, could supply without delay every thing requisite to enable it to put to sea again; but unfortunately, this road being wholly open and exposed to the ocean and south-west wind, afforded, in its natural state, no protection whatever during those very storms which most frequently obliged our fleets to seek an asylum in it. It has, therefore, frequently happened that they have been obliged to run into Torbay, which is perfectly sheltered from the south-west; but this bay had also great inconveniences: first, it is more to the east than Plymouth, which is an important circumstance, because when the west wind is constant, it is very difficult for vessels to get out of the Channel by tacking; for great fleets it is impossible. These serious inconveniences having long shown the necessity of converting Plymouth into a safe harbour, government at length resolved that something should be done, and various plans were proposed and discussed.

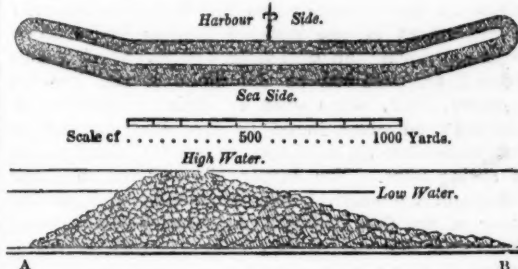
To Lord Grey, when at the head of the Naval Administration, the first contemplation of this great national work is due; but to Mr. Yorke belongs the merit of having adopted the plan, and caused it to be carried into execution, notwithstanding the forebodings of those who were hostile to it. His own sound judgment, however, backed by the opinion of Mr. Rennie, (the celebrated engineer, under whose guidance Waterloo Bridge was erected,) gave him assurance of the propriety and of the successful issue

of the undertaking. The failure of a work of the same description which was executed by the French at Cherbourg—owing to the small size of the stones used in its construction, and the ill-judged form of the mound—showed, that to resist the force of the heavy sea that rolls in from the south-west, a very considerable slope would be necessary, and that great masses of stone, from one to ten tons each, would be required.

The quarries from which these were procured are situated at Overton, on the eastern shore of Catwater; they lie under a surface of about 25 acres, and were purchased from the Duke of Bedford, for ten thousand pounds. These quarries consist of one vast mass of compact close-grained marble, many specimens of which are beautifully variegated; seams of clay, however, are interspersed through the rock, in which there are also large cavities, some empty and others partially filled with clay*.

These huge blocks of stone are conveyed from the quarries on trucks, along iron railways to the quays, and from thence into the holds of vessels, built expressly for the purpose†. On their arrival over the line of the Breakwater, they are discharged from the trucks by means of what is called a tying-frame at the stern of the vessel, which falling like a trap-door, lets the stone into the sea. In this manner, a cargo of sixteen trucks, or eighty tons, may be discharged in the space of forty or fifty minutes.

The following sketch of the ground plan and section, will best explain the form and dimensions of this great national work.

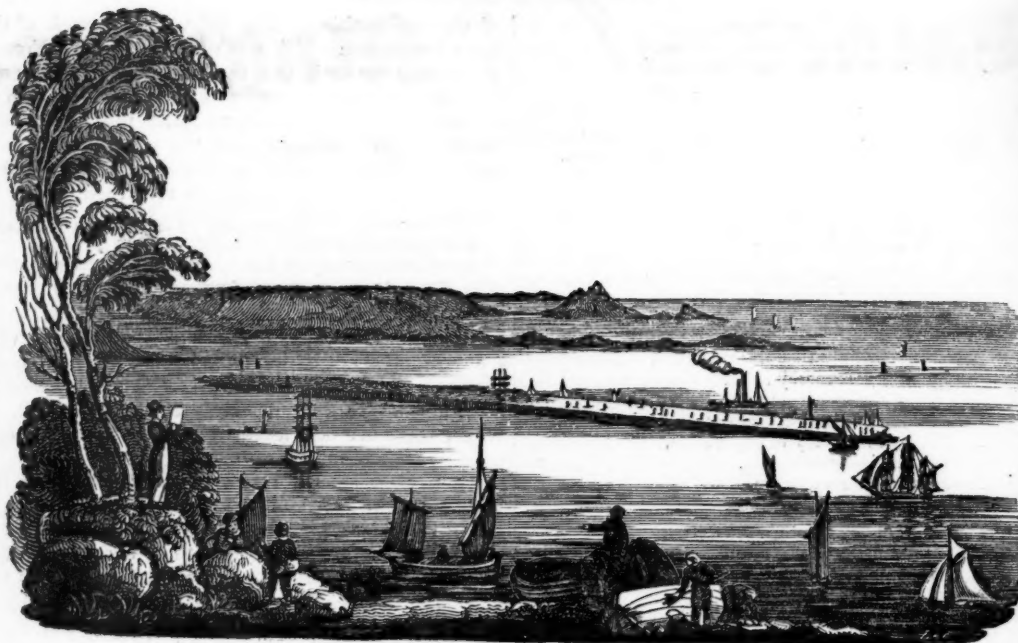


The width of the section from A to B, is upwards of 250 feet; the total length of the Breakwater is 5100 feet. The first stone was sunk on the 12th of August, 1812, and on the 31st of March, 1813, the Breakwater made its first appearance above the surface of the Sound at low water, spring-tide. At the conclusion of the year 1816, upwards of one million tons had been deposited.

The whole of the work above the line of low-water mark has been some time finished, and this splendid

* In one of these caverns in the solid rock, 15 feet wide, 45 feet long, and 12 feet deep, filled nearly with compact clay, were found imbedded fossil bones belonging to the Rhinoceros, being portions of the skeletons of three different animals, all of them in the most perfect state of preservation, every part of their surface being entire to a degree, that Sir Everard Home says, he had never observed in specimens of this kind before. The part of the cavity in which these bones were found, was 70 feet below the surface of the solid rock; 60 feet horizontally from the edge of the cliff, where Mr. Whidby, who was associated with Mr. Rennie in the undertaking, began to work the quarry, and 160 feet from the original edge by the side of the Catwater. Every side of the cavern was solid; nor was there any external communication through the rock in which it was imbedded; when, therefore, and in what manner these bones came into that situation, is among the secret and wonderful operations of Nature, which will probably never be revealed to mankind.

† Monsieur Dupin, the celebrated French engineer, gives an animated description of the working of these quarries, and thus concludes:—"The sight of the operations which I have just described, those enormous masses of marble which the quarry-men strike, with heavy strokes of their hammers; and those aerial roads of flying bridges which serve for the removal of the superstratum of earth; those lines of cranes all at work at the same moment; the trucks all in motion; the arrival, and the loading, and the departure of the vessels; all this forms one of the most imposing sights that can strike a friend to the great works of art. At fixed hours, the sound of a bell is heard, in order to announce the blasting of the quarry. The operations instantly cease on all sides, all becomes silence and solitude; this universal silence renders still more imposing, the noise of the explosion, the splitting of the rocks, their ponderous fall, and the prolonged sound of the echoes."



View of the Plymouth Breakwater

undertaking is proceeding steadily towards its completion.

The fitness of this immense mound for the purpose for which it was intended, has been clearly proved by the manner in which it has withstood the attacks of the sea during so many stormy winters; never, except in one instance, having had a stone displaced during the most violent gales. The instance alluded to, occurred on the night of the 19th of January, 1817, when such a hurricane came on, as had not been remembered by the oldest inhabitant. The waves rose six feet higher than the usual height of spring-tides. The Jasper sloop-of-war, and the Telegraph schooner, being at anchor without the cover of the Breakwater, were driven to the head of the Sound, and lost; while a collier, heavily laden and under its cover, rode out the gale, and no damage was sustained by any of the vessels in the Catwater.

After the hurricane was over, it was found that a portion of the upper layer of the finished part, about 200 yards long, and 30 yards in width, had given way and been displaced; the whole of the huge stones, from two to five tons each, having been carried over and deposited on the northern slope of the Breakwater. It has now resisted the effects of fifteen other winters, and still remains, and there is no doubt will for ages remain, a monument of the arts, worthy of the nation by which it has been constructed.

[Abridged from the *Quarterly Review*.]

MORNING.

THE God of mercy walks his round
From day to day, from year to year,
And warns us each with awful sound,
"No longer stand ye idle here."
Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of youth the morning light,
Oh fools why stand ye idle here?
And ye whose scanty locks of grey
Foretell your latest travail near,
How fast declines your useless day,
And stand ye yet so idle here?
One hour remains, there is but one,
But many a grief and many a tear
Through endless ages, must atone
For moments lost and wasted here.—HEBER.

EVENING.

How sweetly now do outward things
To tender thoughts give birth,
When evening's deep and holy calm
Broods o'er the tranquil earth.
Alas! how often tender thoughts
To sad thoughts are allied!
How often by the silent tear
Our joys are purified.
Oh! that the peace which reigns without
Might also dwell within!
Oh! that my restless, wayward heart
Might free itself from sin!
Why is it, that year follows year,
And still in self-control
My heart is feeble as a child,—
Still passion rules my soul.
Alas! in vain I know the truth,
And love God's holy word:
In vain the surface of my heart
To gratitude is stirred.
Still sin does in its embers live,
Though quenched its fiercer fires;
That sin whose everlasting taint
Still breeds impure desires.
O Lord of Hosts, against my peace
What enemies are ranged!
Change thou my nature, Lord, and then
Shall I indeed be changed.
Come thou, and my corrupted heart
To holiness renew!
Christ's servant am I, and in Him
Thy promises are true.

T. K. A.

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